

Your Puppy Dog Mouth

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31706899) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31706899>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Smut , Top GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Dom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Bottom Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Sub Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Brat Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Explicit Sexual Content , Collars , Leashes , Praise Kink , Humiliation , Blow Jobs , Face-Fucking , Dom/sub , Subspace , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , BDSM , Muzzles , Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Power Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Choking , Edgeplay , Orgasm Denial , Orgasm Delay/Denial , Name-Calling , Slut Shaming , Finger Sucking , Size Difference , Voyeurism , Exhibitionism , Aftercare , Mommy Kink , when i say muzzle i mean metal cage on face, it isn't actually like those BDSM muzzles you see on PH , oh and there's Mommy Kink
Language:	English
Series:	Part 9 of dnf brainrot <3
Collections:	MCYT
Stats:	Published: 2021-06-03 Completed: 2021-06-17 Chapters: 2/2 Words: 15761

Your Puppy Dog Mouth

by [dnfsinner](#)

Summary

There's an o-ringed, light-blue collar, a matching leash attached to it as well, though what makes Dream's breath hitch in his throat is a daunting dog muzzle sitting right next to it.

Now that's new.

Or, Dream wears a muzzle twice. And one of those times, a vulgar name slips out.

Notes

hi !!

first of all, i hit 1k followers on twt, so this is the reward, muzzle dream :D

enjoy subby dream bc fuck there's gonna be more sub dream from me heh. there is aftercare btw but everytime i try to add it to the tags it fucks with the way i want them so i just left it out :)

Puppy

Mouthing off never really got Dream anywhere—most of the time, it usually ended up with him being edged for hours on end by his boyfriend.

But something's different this time around.

This time, George doesn't seem to care about Dream barking out snarky replies to whatever he says, doesn't care if Dream begs and begs for the attention he so desperately craves from the older. And quite simply, Dream doesn't like that; he *needs* George to pay attention to him, needs to be noticed by his boyfriend, even if it's with anger-laced words pointed in his direction.

It's been hours. Long, lonely hours of waiting for George to come out from their room and cuddle Dream on the couch. The idea of it all, being left alone for so long, makes a cute pout form on his face, his arms crossed over his chest as he sulks.

George should be in here, with him. Not hound up in the office room editing some stupid video that isn't worth the trouble.

A gentle breath ghosts past the top of Dream's lip as he thinks of ways to get George out of that dumb room and paying attention to him. He figures he can mouth off some more—though that didn't seem to get him anywhere the last time he tried. Perhaps he could appraise that godforsaken weakness George has for Dream within the matters of silky sweet prose whispering coquettish words just barely tilting over the edge of sinful darkness.

The idea is enough to coax Dream from the cushiony home of the sofa and stroll down the hall to where George is behind the closed door of the office space.

With a small push of the metal doorknob, Dream hums with sweet lilac petals falling from his mouth, "Georgie, I'm bored." His boyfriend doesn't bother to turn his head towards Dream, rather grunting in response to the other's temptations.

Why couldn't George spare two seconds of his time? Was Dream that much of a hassle?

Another pout situates itself over Dream's expression, feet leading him to the chair George sits so pretty in. "Come on, George," he whines, pressing his front to the back of hard leather and wrapping his arms around George's neck, "Pay attention to me—please."

"I'm busy, Dream," his boyfriend huffs, pushing away from Dream's kind embrace.

"All I'm asking for is your attention for, like, ten minutes." He leans against the chair again, letting his fingers run freely through the field of brown adorning George's head. With gentle strokes, Dream lets his nails graze atop the other's scalp. "*Please, Georgie.*"

George huffs again, the roll of his eyes evident without being seen. "You're being pushy."

"No," Dream quips, fingers daring to latch onto chocolate locks and pull ever so slightly, "I'm being needy. There's a difference. Maybe check up on your facts before you speak, Gogy."

Pink darts out to wet Dream's lips, ivory gleams pulling and digging at the softness with barely-there pressure as a smirk slides onto his face. He sees the moment delicate pale fingers twitch over the mouse connected to the computer, hovering over the button as George is visibly taken off guard.

Lowly, George only hums, and without a second to spare, is back to doing whatever he's was busy with before Dream waltzed in. It wipes the smirk off of Dream's face instantly as it becomes clear that George isn't going to give in to his temptations. *Pay attention to me!*

"Fine," Dream mumbles, almost dauntingly, "So I guess you wouldn't mind me getting off by myself, right? You know, since you're busy 'n all."

For a moment, Dream thinks he'll get past the door, escape the wrath of his boyfriend's mean hands, with how George doesn't reply to his snarkiness. That is, until he does, voice dripping with searing amounts of muted black and venomous poison that's concentrated enough to have Dream stopping dead in his tracks, arousal daring to coax a small whimper from his throat.

"Take one more fucking step, and you'll regret ever talking to me like that, puppy."

Though the words were threatening enough to have Dream wanting to listen, give in to the roughness of George's tone, something in the back of his mind has him completely defying them. Taking another step, Dream places a victorious smile across his features, knowing that what follows his actions will be the thing he's desperately craving: George's attention.

However, what Dream isn't expecting is for George to *let him* walk out of the room—contrary to his words just moments before. And to be frank, it confuses him; usually, George would have another remark up his sleeve, ready to abuse his power whenever Dream went against his warnings. But now, all he gets is stupid silence that has him ready to turn around and ask why George isn't doing what Dream wants him to do.

"Fine," George says carelessly, not sparing Dream a glance, "While you're gone, have yourself stretched out and ready for me."

The words have Dream taken aback for a moment, but he doesn't say anything back. Instead, he simply nods, placing that victorious smile across pretty features once again as he strolls his way to their bedroom. He's practically jumping at the opportunity of being able to pleasure himself without George's incessant edging, which would usually be happening right about now.

His hoodie is peeled from the top half of his body without a second to waste, throwing it in the washroom as he passes by before he's fiddling with the drawstrings of his sweatpants. They leave their home on Dream's hips the moment he's settled within plush bed sheets, and a well-loved bottle of lube is cradled in his palm. Dream is already aching from the promise of having his fingers shoved inside of him, pumping in and out at a pace of his choosing; he's quite simply ecstatic.

Popping the cap, Dream drenches three of his fingers with the cold substance, watching it drip down the length of his hand and glisten under the luminosity of the bedside lamp. His cock lays heavy on his stomach, dribbling precum over the sunkissed expanse with every minor pulse. Lining up his middle finger with his hole, Dream hisses, pushing past the tightness of his rim and sinking to the hilt in one go.

"Fuck," Dream whimpers brokenly, not giving himself the time to adjust, rather quickly thrusting his finger inside with how utterly fucking desperate he is to get off without the help of George and his stupidly sweet voice whispering sick words.

The curl of his finger has him gasping, throwing his head back against fluffy pillows. He needs more—he needs *so much more*.

Dream pushes his ring finger in alongside his middle, the slight burn of the stretch only adding

more pleasure, pleasing the more masochistic side of impure desires. Each thrust just barely grazes over that one sensitive spot that could have him seeing stars.

Ivory teeth dig into the soft flesh of Dream's lip, doing everything but draw blood. He curls his fingers, brushing right up against that little bundle of nerves. His thighs are shaking, sensitivity crawling over his skin from not being fucked in so long. (In reality, it's only been a few days, but it felt like a lifetime to Dream). Nerves ignite with seized fire alongside every drag of Dream's fingers, his own body committing arson against tan skin.

George's name dares to fall from his tongue in pretty strokes of blissful moans, wanting the other to walk in and fuck him already. Dream *needs* George's cock buried inside of him, needs something else besides his dumb fingers that aren't good enough to please him in the ways George could.

It's enough to have him on the verge of his orgasm, letting himself trip and fall close to the edge but never over it. Because even though George never said it, Dream knew he couldn't come without permission.

Sinful darkness casts over the world, George's name stuck in Dream's mind like a broken record player that never seems able to be fixed. It drips with sweet venom and wine, the walls soaking up his noises, infusing pretty sounds within the crevices to live for the rest of eternity.

He lets himself plunge into that darkness, being vexed in a sea of enchanted desires that adorn the heavens of Dream's mind. Fingers pull apart with scissoring motions, his index finger now slipping inside until Dream is fucking himself with three fingers, imagining it was George with every aching movement of his wrist.

When his eyes are open, Dream catches the tiniest slither of paleness slipping through the door of the room.

Dream peers at George's lingering presence with hooded eyes, dark like black roses. His cheeks are painted a crimson red, casting down his next and turning tan skin a beautiful color of lustful sin—he looks perfect, all ready and begging for George. The clinking of metal has his attention skewed but never does Dream dare to break eye contact with his boyfriend.

Burnt umber bores into Dream's skin with a callous bite of paramouncy, black fire scintillating behind George's eyes as he admires the view of Dream fingering himself so perfectly.

Time blurs into something incoherent for Dream, not processing the moment George wraps a hand around his wrist, pulling messy, lube-covered fingers from pleasing himself any further. It has Dream whining, desperate to push his hand back down and reinsert his fingers back inside to chase red-hot arousal, but George is adamant, keeping Dream's wrist interlocked in a tight grip that would be easy to escape if he wanted to.

The metal sounds from before are closer, loud as George throws whatever it is onto the bed. A glimpse of blue catches Dream's eyes, following the movements. There's an o-ringed, light-blue collar, a matching leash attached to it as well, though what makes Dream's breath hitch in his throat is a daunting dog muzzle sitting right next to it.

Now that's new.

It looks custom—Dream wouldn't doubt that George put in for one to be made specifically for him. Metal barely juts out from its face, black leather attached to the sides for easy placement over someone's face if needed. Just looking at it spikes tremendous amounts of mixed feelings under

Dream's skin; they've never done this before, never involved a fucking *muzzle* while they fucked.

"You're so cute, sweetheart," George praises seductively, "Such a good puppy for me, yeah?"

"M not a p-puppy," Dream whispers, face flushing from the nickname he hates to love. He eyes the leather of the muzzle again, thoughts running rampant at the sight of pretty metal reflecting the light of a lamp that seems to be the only source of luminosity in the room.

"What's the...." A gulp. "Is that for me?"

A chuckle rings out, loud and unashamed, as George reaches for the collar, purposely ignoring Dream's question when he says, "You looked like you were having fun without me, weren't you, sweetheart?"

"A bit," Dream mumbles, closing his thighs as if to hide the parts of himself George has seen a million times over.

George motions for Dream to sit on the edge of the bed, the other not hesitating to do so even if his movements are slow and unsure. Part of Dream wants to pull away when George wraps thin blue around his neck, the leather feeling almost itchy against his skin, but the other side of him—the more submissive side—loves the idea of being collared and tugged around like a dog.

The clasps are buckled together, paper-based skin wrapping around the end of the leash as Dream is just barely pulled towards George. His face is right in front of small hips, the outline of George's cock oh-so-tempting; it makes spit gather under his tongue as he hopes and prays George will let Dream suck his dick before that stupid muzzle is trapped on his face.

"You think of me the entire time?"

Dream wants to scoff, yell out a *no, dumbass*. But he can't, his mind slipping far too quickly to form the words, so he nods, pleading with his eyes as he stares up at George.

"What is it, puppy?" George whispers, fiddling with the end of the leash. Dream presses his face into the side of George's hip, rubbing his cheek against pesky clothing as he never breaks the eye contact he holds so dear to his heart. "You want my cock, pretty baby?" Dream hums in response. "I don't think you've earned it, puppy."

With a huff, Dream pouts, nuzzling his nose close to the straining pulse in George's pants. He just wanted to suck his boyfriend off and look pretty while doing it—it's George's fault he was acting like a bitch earlier, not giving him the attention he wanted, so maybe George is the one who didn't deserve the warm heat of Dream's tongue. Though, Dream would still let him have it anyway.

His tongue lolls out, staining the grey fabric of George's loose-fitted pants with spit as he drags the muscle across the hardening length. George hisses at the contact, using the hand not busy with the leash to thread dainty fingers through blondish-brown locks.

"Considering how much of a *pest* you've been today, I really shouldn't allow you anywhere near me," George bites out, harsh, dripping with poisonous prose. "But since you always look so pretty with your whore mouth around my cock, I'll agree to it."

Through the veil of disparity and utter want, Dream wastes no time between dipping his fingers under the hem of George's pants and pulling them down.

Precum is already dripping from the slit of George's dick, daring to become concentrated enough to drop onto the floor. It's pornographic, downright obscene, and though Dream has seen it a

thousand times over, he can't help how he always gets shocked by the sheer length of George. Even with the scrawny foreshadowing of George's frame, his cock was something to be worshiped, big and long, and felt oh-so-good when it's inside of Dream—whether that be his mouth or ass.

A velvet tongue darts out to lick at the tip, lapping up the precum with one swipe. It tastes sickeningly sweet on Dream's tongue, favoring the flavor of *George*. Gouts of spit leave an insufficient essence on the length, Dream closing his lips around it as he peers up at George through hooded eyes and pretty lashes.

It's a sight to behold forever, the lovely image of Dream desperate for George's cock.

Dream has always been good with his mouth. And when he found the parts of George that were the most sensitive, he was even better. He knew exactly how to flick his tongue over the head of George's cock in movements tantalizing enough to have him crumbling. Tightening his hands in Dream's hair hard with enough velocity to sting and moan into the open air as Dream worships him with deplorable lingua.

The leash drops out of small hands, the leather falling over tan thighs as Dream begins to swirl his tongue around the head of George's cock. Pink lips part with foreseeable congeniality in a breathy moan, only encouraging Dream to sink further until the tip nudges against the soft palate of his mouth.

George barely pushes on Dream's head, trying to get the submissive boy to throat him faster. But even with all the rallying, Dream fights him.

Tightening his lips, Dream hollows his cheeks and flicks his tongue at the underside of George's cock. His eyes never leave his boyfriend's face, loving the way amber orbs flutter shut, that perfect, composed look distorting into one of pure pleasure as Dream pulls back with a sickening *pop* before taking it into his hand. He glides his palm down the length of George, spreading precum and spit all over with a glistening sheen that's all-too-pornographic. It draws a series of low, smokey moans from the depths of George's chest, and it only spurs Dream on, taking the tip back in his mouth, now focused on pleasing George to the best of his ability.

"Fuck," George groans, Dream sinking to the hilt ever so slowly, "Such a good dog for me, Dream."

In an instant, Dream pulls back, spit lathered over his lips. "I'm not a fucking *dog*," he bites, trying to gain the upper hand once more.

"Oh, but you are," George hums sweetly, dragging his hand to cup Dream's jaw. It's almost pathetic how easily he leans into the touch, practically purring from the swipe of George's thumb across freckled cheeks. "You're my obedient puppy, aren't you?"

Lust-driven clouds scour the lands of Dream's mind, making him foggy and pliable to whatever. So it's only natural for him to nod, agree to be George's puppy even if everything in his body tells him not to—because deep down, Dream knows he likes it; *he likes it so much it hurts*. And he's been in this type of headspace before, the headspace where he has this utter need to please George, do whatever to make him the happiest. But even so, Dream still holds on to his vulnerability, his stubbornness, though he knows he'll break in a matter of no time.

George knows exactly how to make Dream fall to pieces, crash down those petty walls of obstinance, and make him beg for everything he's ever wanted. Make him beg for George, his cock, his fingers—his *everything*. And though Dream *is* putting up a fight, George always wins in the end, always comes out on top, and *always has Dream exactly where he wants him*.

Besides, with how Dream seems to be slipping fast, trying not to let George know how those degrading names are oh-so-effective, he can easily deduce that the bratty act Dream is putting up isn't going to last long.

"So perfect for me, doll," George whispers, voice too sweet for its own good. He slides his hand down, hooking an index finger under the leather of the collar, and pulls Dream's face down to his cock. "Come on, mutt, put your pretty mouth to use."

Lavishly, Dream takes George back in his mouth, using one hand to wrap around the base of the length while the other twitches on his thigh. Dream's cock is begging for attention, every pulse aches with desperation, but he knows he isn't allowed to touch himself; it would only make George upset, and he doesn't want that.

The salty essence of *George* can be tasted on his tongue, precum dripping deliciously into Dream's mouth as he sinks with the slightest inkling of difficulty. The sheer girth of George is nearly impossible to take all at once. Still, Dream manages, flattening his tongue on the underside of sensitive skin to draw a breathy moan from the man above—that alone makes Dream keen, taking it as a sign of good-doings and only encouraging him further.

George pulses in his mouth, the feeling against Dream's tongue making him whimper. The finger hooked to his collar never leaves; instead, aiding in the movements of pushing Dream's head down.

It feels erotic—just like every other time they have sex. But this time, it's more prurient, and it's all because of that muzzle yet to be used by the mean hands of George. Dream can see it from the corner of his eyes, reflecting metal mocking him with indecent measures. It's pretty, looking like it will fit Dream perfectly. The snout barely juts out, but it is a prominent feature, the entirety of the face silver.

A slight tug to his collar brings Dream back to reality, flicking his gaze up to George.

"You okay, puppy?"

The sincerity of his voice brings fits of comfort, blanketing Dream's skin with loving warmth as he nods. George smiles down at him, sweet above all things before he's pushing Dream back down.

"You've been waiting for this, haven't you?" George says, tone low. "So needy for my attention—how fucking pathetic of you, mutt."

A muffled whimper vibrates around George's cock, earning a breathy groan as George begins to give trifling thrusts into the cavern on Dream's mouth. He catches the barest dilation of pupils, swallowing forest green from the minute movements; it makes George burn with satisfaction, knowing he's the only one in the world that can see Dream at his most vulnerable state.

With the tantalizing drag of his tongue, Dream pushes down, settling his nose flush with George's pelvic as he stops moving his hips. And for a moment, Dream stays there, letting George relish the moment.

His cock feels sinful when it's stuffed in Dream's mouth. Every pulse, every twitch, is to die for; it brings Dream so much satisfaction knowing he can make George moan and crumble from the barest flick of his tongue. And he knows George loves it just as much as he does. He *knows* that no matter how difficult he's been, he'll always be able to have his mouth full of George.

Obscene sounds of spit choke out into the air the moment Dream begins to pull his head back,

desperate to keep the saliva from dripping to the floor. Dream places his hands on the back of paper-white thighs, peering up at George with wide, submissive eyes that still hold minuscule amounts of black defiance—George makes it a priority to have it gone within minutes.

The roll of Dream's tongue on the underside of George's cock sets a line of sex-driven fire across the soft paleness of skin. It nudges the side of Dream's cheek as he starts to bob his head, sinking to the hilt before pulling back up with the vicious intent of making George feel the most pleasure he could deliver. Breathy moans fall past pink lips, amber eyes staring down at the pretty boy sucking George off so well.

“God, *fuck*,” George groans, replacing his hands in delicate blond hair. He begins to thrust his hips again, matching with Dream's pace. “Your mouth is so fucking good, oh my *god*.”

The words of praise have Dream slipping once more, mind going hazy with the thought of *George, be good for George*. And no matter how hard he tries to fight it, to not give in to his boyfriend's sickly sweet prose, he always ends up abandoning his stubbornness in some way or another.

His jaw goes lax, eyes rolling to the back of his head as Dream lets George take control, use his mouth as if it's a stupid fleshlight made for its owner's own desirable needs. In an odd sense, that very thought makes Dream keen, bubbling servility rising deep within his chest.

Out of the corner of his eye, Dream can see the muzzle again—in all of its dumb glory. He wants to try it on, let himself be humiliated in front of George, wants to be reduced to a blubbering mess, unable to speak for himself because leather restraints keep him from doing so. And honestly, it shouldn't be fair how Dream is considering being treated like a damn *dog*.

George's cock hits the back of Dream's throat easily, allowing for vulgar sounds of spit to be coaxed out of him. Teeth graze along the top of sensitive skin, and maybe it was the slight oral fixation he has, but every thrust makes Dream feel as though he's just died and gone to heaven.

And in a strange sense, he has.

Every pulse felt on his tongue burns a nerve in Dream's body, turning him to ashes—something to be dashed in the air and blown away a thousand times over. The moans George lets out only increase that feeling tenfold.

In George's mind, he knows how he's making Dream feel, knows that his pretty boyfriend is quick to fall into subspace at the price of his mouth being used. George also knows precisely how the muzzle stirs confused emotions within the depths of Dream's brain—the way Dream *looks* at the thing is a tell-tale sign of utter want mixed with justifiable hesitance. And George doesn't blame him; he brought in the new addition to their sex life without asking about it first.

Dream looks absolutely out of it, eyes hooded, spit drooling from his mouth in an oh-so-pornographic way as he lets George take full reign of the situation. His cheeks are painted beautifully with pretty crimson, light-brown freckles just barely being hidden under the flush and fuck, does he look *so attractive* with his lips wrapped around George's cock.

The thrusts of George's hips become impeccably faster, hands fisting in the strands of blond hair, tugging Dream forward with every plunge of his cock down the other's throat. Dream's teeth barely graze the skin anymore, jaw open and pliable to whatever George wants to do to him. The brattiness from before seems to have dissipated entirely—and that's precisely where George wants him. For now, at least.

Needy whines thrive from the man below, the vibrations being felt throughout George's body with

spikes of unforgivable pleasure.

“What is it, puppy?” George provokes, hips never faltering their motions. “Something on your mind?”

Another whine is heard, and it only makes George laugh darkly. He releases one of his hands from the tangles of curled hair, letting his fingers fall to the leash. The light-blue leather is beautiful in the juxtaposition of plaster-white skin, something in George’s mind wishing he’d be the one wearing the collar, just to see if it would look as pretty around his neck as it does his hands.

Maybe one day, he’ll let his good little puppy fuck him in the ways George does, let Dream feel just how amazing it is to have something so *tightly* wrapped around his cock as George praises Dream for fucking him oh-so-well.

But that would have to wait until another day.

The curl of Dream’s tongue can be felt with minor movements, grazing over the sensitive spots of George’s cock to ensue more obscene reactions. George is practically fluttering in Dream’s mouth, pushing on the edge of his orgasm—noticeably so.

His breaths begin to get heavier, his thrusts becoming more sloppy and inconsistent. And all Dream can do is watch with wide eyes as he waits for the warm flush of cum to paint the back of his throat like an art piece. But it never happens.

It never happens because George pulls out moments before the coil snaps in his stomach.

Spit dares to slip down the curve of Dream’s chin, the collared man whining in dissatisfaction, wondering why George did what he did. The haziness from before just barely lifts, letting Dream have a moment of feigned insolence.

“What the fuck was that for?” he huffs, “I want you back in my mouth.”

A delicate eyebrow quirks up at Dream’s words. “I’ll cum down your throat if you’d like, pup, but if you’d rather your ass filled with my cum, you better get your mouth off me, yeah?”

Waves of submission flashes over Dream’s face, and it reminds George of the first time they ever fucked; Dream had looked the same way when he found out just how *dominant* George could be. With a chuckle, George reaches to the side, and as much as Dream wants to hate how his stomach does summersaults at the sound of metal slipping into soft hands, he can’t.

George holds the muzzle with such gentleness, shooting a sharp look at Dream that’s wilted with lustful darkness. “Do you want to put this on?” he asks, the gentleness slipping in to pillow his voice.

The way Dream’s mind slips further away from him with every draw of George’s voice shouldn’t be fair. He’s desperate to hold on to his stubbornness, let it bleed out on his sleeve until it’s the only thing he can project adequately. But even so, Dream’s curious, and that’s partly to blame on the foggy haze clouding every rational thought. So it’s the gentle curiosity, the somber innocence of falling into subspace, that coaxes him to nod.

He holds his breath as the muzzle is brought closer to his face, cold metal hitching a pathetic whimper in his chest. Dream doesn’t dare to let it slip out. Instead, allowing himself to look to the side while black leather is clasped around his head. The wall is the object of his attention, his eyes boring into the tedious color of beige.

Leather is buckled in no time, George pulling back to admire his most prized possession. “You look so pretty, puppy,” he praises, the words sending a shiver to crawl underneath Dream’s skin.

George sticks his fingers between silver metal, laughing when Dream tries to bite at them on impulse. Being used to this type of behavior, he twists his boyfriend’s head side to side, watching the pout form across Dream’s lips. Even in the most submissive of headspaces, Dream always finds a way to be his usual, bratty self. And it’s almost funny to see him try to hold onto it.

He always fails, anyway.

Letting go of the muzzle, George says, “Go sit in the middle of the bed.”

It’s almost laughable how fast Dream listens, desperate to be good for his owner despite himself. He situates himself in the middle of the bed, laying his head on plush pillows, watching George peel his shirt from his body. The bed barely dips under George’s weight, the man shuffling over to place himself between Dream’s open thighs.

A hiss is barely heard as George wraps his hand around Dream’s leaking cock, cupping his palm around the head and slowly twisting. It’s enough to have Dream writhing. George has always enjoyed how *responsive* he was, so sensitive from the barest touch.

Dream looks up at George through lidded eyes, the muzzle barely being seen underneath his vision. A whine settles in the air, muffled above all things. It makes George smirk, letting his hand glide to the base of Dream’s cock, smearing collected precum down the length. And as much as Dream wants to bat away the growing fire flaring through his gut, he can’t deny the way his cock pulses from every sinful plea of submission, every desperate, dull moan George forces out of him.

It feels so fucking humiliating to be in this kind of position, to be nothing more than a desperate bitch in heat. And Dream wants to be so good for George—be a good puppy and follow every sick command no matter how mortifying it might be.

Using the other hand that isn’t busy stroking Dream, George pushes one of Dream’s thighs down flush with the bed and leans over.

“You look perfect with your muzzle, puppy,” he whispers, “Do you like it?”

Dream nods, a pretty noise being drawn into the air with red roses and wine. The restraint just barely presses on the underside of his jaw, keeping him from being able to speak. And it’s almost perfect in an odd sense. George can do anything he wants to Dream, edge him until he’s whining, unable to shout out pleas to coax George into letting him come undone because of the muzzle that muffles every noise.

Quite literally, George has the upper hand; Dream is nothing less than a pathetic puppy whining for its owner, wanting the attention he craves with a hopeful play of cards.

Letting go of Dream’s thigh, George wraps his hand around blue again, tugging slightly on the collar as he picks up the pace of his strokes. It has Dream trying to open his mouth, gasp about how he’s too sensitive, how he’ll come in no time—but all he’s served with is a painful ache to his jaw, not being able to open it all the way.

George’s thumb swipes over the glans of Dream’s dick with every stroke up, and his hand gets tighter with every stroke down. He twists and rubs in all the ways that would have Dream going absolutely crazy, moaning out George’s name in sickly sweet prose, decorated with gooey honey. With every drag of pretty hands, it sends a burning spike of pleasure to erupt in Dream’s gut that he

hates to hold back; his sensitivity was one thing, but he knew what would happen if he came too early.

He doesn't want to be punished, edged, and teased for spilling into his boyfriend's hand.

And it doesn't look like George is going to stop. Instead, his movements get even faster until Dream is quite literally a pathetic mess of muffled moans and whines and whimpers. He hates the muzzle, hates it more for the fact that he can't shout out a warning to George that he's close.

But even so, George can tell. He can tell just how Dream was on the edge of his seat, his stomach flexing, thighs daring to close, hands fisting the sheets—George knows exactly how far gone he is, and though Dream was being a brat earlier, he decides to give Dream some leeway.

“Come on, baby,” George encourages, dropping the leash, “Be a good dog and cum for me, yeah? Can you do that?”

Dream nods, whining in agreement since it's the only thing he *can* do. He'll be a good dog for George; he'll be so fucking good.

His cock pulses in George's hand, twitching as he's dragged close to the edge, and something in Dream's mind has him thinking George will take it away from him. That George's promise of wanting him to come will be short-lived, and he'll tear his hand away at the last second. But it never does. Instead, George lets Dream fall off the deep end, lets his hand be painted white with warm cum.

George jerks Dream through his orgasm, never falters until loud whines rip through the air in a sick protest, overstimulation increasing tenfold with Dream's sensitivity. And he can't ask George to stop either. All he can do is take it, take it like the good boy he is.

Words of praise are being coaxed out of George's mouth, but Dream doesn't hear it, too caught up in his satisfaction to care. Cum drips onto his stomach from George's hand, the droplets feeling like they're burning through his skin. George begins to slow down, loving the way Dream's eyes roll to the back of his head in the moment of pure bliss.

Dream's hands fly down to George's, desperate to try and pull him from his dick, and it only makes George laugh before finally giving in.

“You think you're still stretched enough for me, Dream?”

Nodding, Dream whines in agreement, the noises becoming high-pitched as he feels the slick head of George poking at his hole. Lube still covers his ass, but it isn't enough to have George press in with no issue. And though Dream would like the pain, George still insists on coating his cock with the cold substance, uncapping the bottle before lathering a generous amount over the length of himself.

The tip of his cock catches on Dream's hole again, teasing him before pushing in. It has Dream wishing that damn muzzle wasn't on his face, knowing that come tomorrow, there will be excruciating pain in his jaw from having tried to open his mouth so much.

George lets himself be swallowed up by Dream's ass, moaning softly as he places his palms on the bed and hovers over his boyfriend's much bigger body.

In some strange sense, it's thrilling to know how much power he has over Dream. At any point in time, Dream could overpower him in one quick movement, take all the control, and absolutely demolish George. But he doesn't. He stays put, listens to George's every demand, and just lets

himself fall into the essence of *George*. He's George's good boy, and it'll always be that way.

Dream feels so fucking *full*, George's hips pressing flush with his ass, the tightness having George groaning in pure fulfillment. And he doesn't waste any time pulling back before snapping his hips back inside, earning a loud whine in return.

The pace is vigorous, rough, with a petty bite of love that's barely there. Dream wants to yell George's name, the head of his cock hitting dead-on with his prostate in a way that just feels so fucking good. His cock is so *big*, reaches every place Dream couldn't bear to touch when he's fucking himself on his fingers—George was the thing he needed, the only person that could make him feel so good. Leaning back on his calves, George thrusts into Dream. Tan thighs are shaking, the pleasure being oh-so-good, and it has George smirking.

“Aw, puppy,” he coos expectantly, now dragging his hips ever so slowly as he fucks Dream with less than the same amount of energy he had moments ago. “Your legs are trembling. Does it feel that good?”

Muffled moans fall into the open air without any bite to them, letting it be known to the world that George is the one making Dream sound so wrecked, gone without another thought to adorn his pretty little head as he's fucked silly by his boyfriend. Desperate whines fill the empty void of Dream's voice, gradually getting louder as if to say *yes*, the muzzle preventing anything of coherence.

George's movements become those of barely-there thrusts, his hands curling around the top of sun-kissed thighs that shake violently from the purest amounts of pleasure. He fucks into Dream oh-so-slowly, making his cute little puppy feel every drag of his cock, not even being able to beg for more with that humiliating object trapped on his face.

But either way, Dream always knew how to provoke his boyfriend, even if his words were muddled and his mind hazy,

Kicking his legs, he whines out in protest, wanting George to make him come again—have him less than able to walk come time for the birds to sing outside their window. It's a blatant attempt to fall back from that fuzzy headspace that Dream is stuck in a love-hate relationship with, a fruitless effort to be his usual, defiant self. Though, George doesn't let him get very far with it.

“Stay still,” George growls out, flicking a hand out to stick dainty fingers through the cage-like snout of the dog muzzle. It's almost cute how Dream tries to bite at him from the constraints of the metal. “Be a good dog for me, yeah, Dream?”

If anything, the words make Dream slip, finally going pliant under George's domineering gaze, his need overpowering any sort of stubbornness left in Dream's blood. A pretty moan fuses with disparity, hips grinding down in the hope of getting George to fuck him again while every burned fray of nerves gives in.

Tears slip past the waterline of his eyes, staring up at his boyfriend with pleading greens, and for a moment, George is proven breathless; he's *never* made Dream cry during their more intimate moments together, even with the sexual torture Dream's endured in the past. Maybe it's the humiliation of having to wear a muzzle mixed with the feeling of being akin to a needy bitch in heat, but whatever the fuck it is, George is thankful because Dream looks so goddamn pretty when he cries.

Looks even better with the muzzle adorning his face.

George begins to rock his hips again, his hand leaving the muzzle to wrap around the leather of the leash, using it as some sort of leverage to aid with fucking Dream faster. Pretty tears have George reeling, loving the way his puppy cries from pure and utter pleasure. And it's something he thinks he'll get addicted to, wanting to see those pretty, green eyes cry every day from the way George moves his hips.

It has that coil of pleasure in his stomach snapping, spilling into Dream from the sheer sight of seeing him cry, seeing that muzzle. Dream isn't far behind either, coming all over himself as George fucks them both through their orgasms.

Cum slips out of Dream's hole when George pulls out, looking so damn erotic. And without thinking, George drops the leash and pushes it back inside with his thumb. It makes Dream whine and tries to close his legs in an attempt to get George to stop toying with him. With a light laugh, George listens to the indirect hint.

"Come here, sweetheart," he coaxes, shuffling over to the side of Dream's pleasure-wrecked body, "Let's take the muzzle off, okay?"

Dream is sleepy, doesn't want to move, but he still tries to sit up and allow George to access the clasps of the muzzle. The sound of the metal coming undone makes a shiver rip through his body as he begins to come down from his hazy state of bliss. And when the muzzle falls from his face, George is quick to shower him in kisses, whispering sweet praise of how *good* he is for taking everything so well and how proud George is of him. It only brings a lazy smile to Dream's face, feeling oh-so-loved by his cute boyfriend.

The collar comes off last, George tossing it to the side with a loud *thud* on the floor. "Do you feel like taking a bath, baby?" George asks, sweet above all things.

Humming, Dream nods. "My legs a-are a little shaky, but I think I'll manage."

George helps Dream to the bathroom with a smile, laughing at his disgust of having cum on his stomach. And it doesn't take much to clean up, Dream being rather too tired to do anything besides letting George do whatever.

"Can we do that again?" Dream mumbles softly as George drenches him in water, running the washcloth over his shoulders.

"Only if you'd like," he whispers back, "I didn't go too far or anything, right?"

Dream shakes his head. "No, I liked it a lot."

They go to sleep that night cuddled up in each other's arms, a smile situating itself on Dream's face as he thinks of ways to get that muzzle back on him as soon as possible.

Mommy's Pretty Puppy

Chapter Summary

Dream accidentally lets a vulgar name slip.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They never used the muzzle again.

It sat on the shelf in their closet, stored away out of the casual eye. And no matter how bratty or unruly Dream acted, George never brought it out. It plagued Dream's mind during every intimate moment they shared after the fact, eyes falling to the closet in the hope of getting his boyfriend to notice where he zoned off to. But his attempts were futile. And fuck, did that make Dream on edge.

Because maybe he wants to have the muzzle adorned over his face once more, wants to be reduced to an incoherent mess of whines and moans, wants to have that ache in his jaw that lasted for days that he absolutely fucking loved.

It's been a month. A month of secret longing for the object to be clasped around his head again, a month of wanting George to call him a dog and tug him around on that pretty collar, which was the only thing that remained permanent in their sex life. And sure, Dream likes it, but it wasn't the muzzle.

Eventually, Dream gave up his bratty act, so fucking desperate for the thing to be a part of him again that he just couldn't bear to be anything but a horny mess. It's evident in how he acts, all desperate and whiny and begging for George whenever he can get the opportunity, listening to demands and being so fucking good for George. Because he needs that stupid muzzle in the bedroom again.

But he's never brought it up; let George assume that the lack of metal wasn't bothering him in the ways it is. And maybe he's been a little *too good* because George is catching on to the bratting that seems to have vanished into thin air. So when they're back in the bedroom, clothes discarded apart from their underwear, mouths caught in a heated kiss that Dream is already failing to keep up with, he brings it up.

"What have you been doing lately?" he mumbles.

"What are you talking about—" Dream cuts off when George bites at his lips, "Fuck, just kiss me again, please."

Pulling away, George straightens his back, flattening his palms on Dream's exposed torso. His eyebrows are furrowed with confusion as he peers down at Dream, who's looking back up at him with wide eyes that are barely glossed over with innocent submission. George circles a finger over

tan skin, rocking his hips forward with the barest amount of force so that Dream can feel the drag of his ass against his half-hard cock.

The action makes Dream whimper, buck his hips up without indenting to do so as he tries to chase strawberry arousal. He wants to roll his eyes, bark out an insult about how George isn't touching him properly and that he could do better himself, but he refrains—something that was a continuous cycle over the last two weeks.

“You’ve been acting... better than usual.” Nails drag down Dream’s torso, blushing the skin red with barely-there marks. “So, what are you doing?”

Dream lets out a breath, exasperated above all things. “I don’t know what you’re talking about, George.”

“Don’t act fucking dumb,” George spits. “Where has the attitude gone, huh? Why don’t you try and fight me anymore? Where’s my bratty, little baby?”

“Oh, please,” Dream scoffs, tongue spiking with a poison he hasn’t been able to spit out for a while. “I thought you liked it when I was good for you, Georgie.”

George rolls his eyes. “I do, you idiot. I’m just wondering where my stubborn little puppy ran off to.”

“I didn’t go anywhere,” Dream says, lilted with sarcasm, “so check your eyes next time, okay, dumbass?”

Part of Dream screams at his brain for letting the words slip out so casually as if it were in his second nature. And instead of trying to grapple for them back, spell out a series of apologies that he doesn’t mean, Dream stays silent, his heart hammering in his chest as he watches something dark flash behind George’s eyes. It sends a shiver down his spine, fleeting arousal going straight to his groin because *fuck, he missed this*.

He’s missed mouthing off, biting out insults doused in sarcasm that riles George up to the point where he gives Dream exactly what he wanted without having to ask. Missed watching black sparks of possession glaze over brown eyes that pin him in place and try to force him to submit—missed mean hands pulling and marking up his skin until he’s a pathetic mess of bruises and hickeys that Dream never wants to see fade away.

He’s missed getting George upset with feigned anger until he retaliates by tying Dream up and edging him for hours. And maybe that stupid, dumb muzzle will finally be able to be broken out of the jail that is their closet.

A hand shoots out, curling around Dream’s neck, and he has to fight the cocky smile that threatens to slide over his face, letting it be known that he’s winning.

“Watch your mouth, slut,” George warns, applying minimal pressure to the side of Dream’s throat. “I was only asking a question.”

“And I was giving you an answer, which apparently you didn’t like.”

Silence blankets the air for a moment. Dream never falters his challenging persona, so his stubbornness can finally come out and play. George lets his gaze fall over Dream’s face, taking in the flushed tone of pretty pink cheeks adorned with light-hazel freckles that would look better with cum coating them.

“Do you ever shut the fuck up?”

“No,” Dream hums, “but you can make me.”

And though his words had bite, they lacked any sort of confidence, tone soft and timid as his eyes found the door of their closet. It seems to mock him, laugh at his neediness for wanting what sits up on the shelf behind it. Dream wasn't supposed to look at it for so long, the hand around his neck sliding up to force his gaze back on George, who had a daunting smirk plastered on his face as if he knew exactly what desires hid underneath breathy words.

“Is that what you've wanted this whole time?” George laughs.

Dream's eyes go wide, lips parting while he stutters over his words. “W-What? I don't know what you're— *fuck, George!*”

George cuts him off by rolling his hips, feeling Dream now fully hard beneath him as he writhes. His walls are crumbling already, his face turning a deeper shade of red as he squeezes his eyes shut and tries to escape the hand that encases his face. He's helpless, embarrassed, humiliated that George caught on so quickly, and if Dream knew it was going to be *that easy*, he would've done it sooner.

“You're so fucking pathetic, puppy,” George coos, voice dripping with sweetness despite harsh words, and he rolls his hips again just to see the way Dream squirms. “You've been so good for me, listening to everything I say, just because you want to be treated like a dog again? How embarrassing.”

A whine creeps up Dream's throat, high and ignominious. His desperation is revealed with a dark edge of vulgarity, walls chipping away to expose pure vulnerability behind glossy eyes. The spiteful words George voices out make any sort of strong-willed intention slip away from Dream's grasp immediately, breath hitching the moment George leans close.

Careful lips brush over his, a tongue licking at pink flesh. Dream tries to chase them, tilting his chin up to try and press his lips against George's, but his attempts are futile because George is just barely pulling back enough to where Dream can't reach him.

“Such a pretty puppy, Dreamie,” George chimes.

The praise seeps under Dream's skin with unlawful intent, body ablaze with a skilled fire that never seems able to be put out. It crawls through his blood, oozes pretty pink flames of avidity that trickle down his spine, and pools low in his stomach. He's desperate to be touched, to be called those objecting names that wouldn't be ethical to others if they heard it.

And it's almost pathetic how badly he wants to be caged up by the muzzle, forced to bitch and whine for something he can't verbally announce. But with the way George is encouraging it, Dream doesn't mind being anything less.

When George finally kisses him again after a moment of tenseness, the barest of that bratty act from before is gone, dissipated. The kiss is met with just as much intensity as before, maybe even more. And Dream welcomes it. Welcomes the bite of ivory on slicked pink and the roll of small hips, welcomes the hushed breaths of amusement when he tries to bite back. He welcomes everything about it, chest swelling with amity because it's *George*.

George tastes like strawberries. And maybe that's because it's what they had for a snack before Dream pushed him up against the counter in the kitchen and kissed him silly. Besides, George had

been practically giving Dream a show, throwing playful eyes in his direction before biting into the fruit. (George would swear it was only to rile him up). And between the slick exchange of saliva and breathy pants, George had tugged Dream to their bedroom by his wrist, whispering sinful words that only made him more desperate.

But even so, the taste of red fruit mixed with the essence of George's spit is exhilarating, swarming Dream's head like a bee to honey.

Their tongues push together in a desolate plea for want, George sucking velvet pink into his mouth before licking at the underside of Dream's teeth. And no matter how many times they've interlocked in this way, Dream can never seem to keep up with the movements of George's lips, his boyfriend too experienced for his own good. But he still tries to put everything into it—which means he tries to bite at George's lips again, a dark laugh being spelled in return.

"God, you really do act like a dog," George teases. "Maybe I need to collar you, yeah?"

Dream nods, pushing up to capture his boyfriend's lips again. George lets him get away with it for a moment too long before he's being pushed back down against the mattress, the pressure of George's ass fleeing as he crawls off the bed.

With hooded eyes, Dream watches George stroll over to the closet, heart beating out of his chest as he hopes and prays the muzzle will be grabbed along with the collar. But when George comes back with blue leather and no sign of metal, he pouts. And, of course, it doesn't go unnoticed.

"What is it, puppy," George hums, wrapping pretty blue around his hand, "you want something else?"

"You know I do."

George smiles with a sickening pang of playfulness to adorn his face. "You're right, baby. But don't worry," he slides next to Dream's frame, tugging him up from where he lays in the bed, "you'll get it soon enough."

A shiver wracks through Dream's body, familiar leather being clasped around his neck before he's being tugged around to face George. He sits on his haunches, a noticeable tent in his underwear twitching as George wraps his left hand around the end of the hanging leash, the other reaching out to flatten against Dream's sternum. Nails dig into tan skin, leaving streaks of red that'll fade within minutes.

The hand drags down, fingers hooking under the elastic of boxers and pulling on the band, letting it snap back in place. Barely-there pain stings for a moment, Dream hissing in response to the action. He jumps at the opportunity to free his body of the fabric the moment George whispers a small *take these off* before he's back in the same position.

His cock leaks pathetically, precum dripping from the slit. And George smirks, wraps dainty fingers around the middle of it just to see Dream crumble and refrain from bucking his hips forward.

George glides his hand up and down the length, relishing the soft moans of want that litter the air so sinfully as he presses small kisses to the middle of Dream's chest, flicking his wrist in slow, tantalizing movements. He leaves blushing red hickeys on sun-kissed skin, peppering up to place his lips against the others, finding comfort in the way Dream struggles to kiss him back.

"Please," Dream whines, hands finding home in brown locks, "go faster. I want more."

A bite to his mouth as Dream whimpering, pleas having the opposite effect as George slows his movements. “You’ll take what I fucking give you, whore.”

Dream whines again, desperate to fuck his dick in George’s hand, but he knows to listen to the underlying demand between accented words: *stay still*. And though he doesn’t want to, the way George said those words have him submitting without a second thought.

The drag of George’s hand is so fucking slow, thumb digging into the slit carelessly before spreading precum over the considerably large length. It burns with temptation, the hot incubation of skin on skin making Dream stutter out a moan fused with the familiar slip of George’s name. The fire increases, movements becoming faster from the pleasing sounds of Dream’s pretty noises.

Rose petaled pleasure is inconceivable, mind-altering, and Dream becomes so caught up in the heave of George’s hand that he doesn’t even realize he’s completely disobeying the silent demand sought out only moments before. His hips bucking into a stilled fist that he didn’t even know stopped moving.

“God, you always have to have your dick in something, don’t you?” George spits out, letting Dream continue with his infringement. “Such a stupid, horny mutt. Can’t even think about anything except your own needs.”

With a whimper, Dream lets frantic apologies fall from his mouth, hoping George would go easy on him for the sake of his own release—though he knows it won’t be like that. And even so, Dream doesn’t stop moving his hips until George pulls his hand away, laughing at the desperate cry of *no!* he receives in return.

“If you wanted your dick wet so badly, you could’ve just asked, puppy.” George reaches over to the bedside table, pulling out a bottle of lube from the drawer and throwing it on the bed.

There’s something unknown lingering at the back of thick words as if George is planning with toned secrecy. It sparks barely-there confusion behind Dream’s eyes, cock twitching as he wonders what the hell is going to happen.

“What do you mean?”

There’s a sickly ebon laugh again, George crawling his way to the middle of the bed before slipping his underwear off. Dream moves with him, settling between his open legs.

“What I mean,” George starts, fire burning behind amber, “is that you’re going to use that stupid, fat cock of yours since you want fuck something so bad.”

Shock is noticeable on Dream’s face, lips parting and pink cheeks turning darker as he sputters for words. But he doesn’t find any, blinking rapidly while his mind runs wild with pretty words, trying to process if George meant what he was saying.

“You’re... you’re gonna let me fuck you?”

George barks out a laugh. “No. I’m going to *allow you* to fuck me.” There’s silence for a few moments. “So, back up,” he spits out, pushing Dream by his foot until he falls backward on the bed. “On your knees, too, puppy.”

With wide eyes glossed over pretty fleets of submission, Dream sits up on his knees, mattress creaking under his weight. The leash clicks on the metal of his collar, a tan hand wrapping around the end of it as he watches George reach for the well-loved bottle of lube.

“What are you doing...?” Dream asks, throat dry with feigned innocence.

George smirks, leans back against the pillows as he spreads his legs open again, allowing Dream to get a view of what’s hiding between pretty, pale thighs. He slicks up three of his fingers with the clear liquid of lube, the ring of the cap penetrating Dream’s mind with a gentle *click*. And he can’t seem to tear his eyes away when George brings his hand down, prods his middle finger at his entrance as he speaks up.

“You want to fuck me, don’t you?” Dream nods. George pushes a finger inside. “Then I’ll have to get myself ready for you, puppy.”

Dream whimpers, his cock twitching at the thought of watching George ruin himself on his fingers. Something sparks under his skin, orange and red rays of lustful want exfoliating his blood and presenting itself on his face in a tinted blush. Murky black seeps through the marrow of his bones, part of him wanting to reach out and grab George’s hand and replace it with his own. But even he knew he couldn’t do that—he’d risk the advantage of *finally* being able to fuck George.

And George can tell just how much Dream is on edge, can see it in his eyes as he watches him follow the slow movements of his slick finger.

When he sinks to the hilt, a breathy moan escapes the hollow of George’s throat. And he never breaks eye contact with Dream, pins his boyfriend in place with lidded eyes that call Dream’s name with the impurest amount of sex-driven want. Almost as if he’s begging for Dream with his eyes.

All of it has a breath hitching in Dream’s chest, pupils blown wide as he watches George pull his finger out before pushing it back in. A slick exchange of lube against skin could be heard through the bedroom, the sound making Dream shiver, hand gripping impossibly tighter around the end of the leash. He’s trying *so hard* not to wrap his hand around his cock, spread warm precum down his length, and just feel himself fall into a pleasure-induced coma while he listens to George’s pretty noises.

They’re much different than what Dream is used to, high-strung and breathy. And at the moment, he likes them better than the low groans that have been the normality during the duration of their relationship—he’d give anything to hear them forever and ever.

George repeats his motions, again and again, curling his finger inside of himself before he groans out, “God fuck, I hate doing this.”

“Then let me do it.”

“No,” George pushes his ring finger alongside his index. “Can’t be having a desperate mutt like you touching me—don’t know if you can hold yourself back.”

Dream stifles the whimper that dares to be coaxed by the words, by the name. “I-I can...” he says shyly.

George scoffs, fingering himself faster, and throws his head up at the ceiling, a strained moan falling past his lips. He trails his other hand up his body, pinches at his nipples as he fucks himself open. Small noises are being soaked up by the air, seeping under Dream’s skin in a way that’s intoxicating at most. And he’s wishing it was him spreading his fingers and dragging them against the walls of George, feeling George clench around him and his body shake from the stretch of much bigger hands.

“Please, George,” he whines, cock pulsing and leaking with precum, “please, I wanna do it. I

wanna pleasure you, *please*.”

His pleads are ignored, Dream huffing and pouting from pretty words being disregarded so blatantly. Stubbornness dares to poke at his skin, blurt out an insult to George for not listening to him, but he doesn't, opts to whine in retaliation of being brushed aside. And the spiteful yet breathy words he gets in return only increase his need tenfold.

“Shut the fuck up, you desperate slut. You'll get your dick wet soon enough.”

Another whimper falls into the air. “Well, can I at least touch myself?” Dream asks, bawling his fists up on his thighs, “I won't cum, just please let me touch myself.”

George whispers out a soft *go ahead*, his words barely heard by the choked moan that's the loudest noise he had let out the entire night. (Dream can assume why). And at the affirmation, Dream unwraps his hand from the leash, flicking it away as he eagerly curls his palm around his cock, hissing from the contact instantly.

Precum leaks from the red-colored tip, glossy as Dream spread it over his length. He keeps his eyes trained on George, matching the pace of small fingers pumping steadily with his fist. And though it isn't *that* fast, it's fast enough to have Dream crumbling, small moans sputtering into the open air as his eyelashes flutter and his hips buck into his hand.

Strawberries and tangerine coat his skin red with need, basking in the pleasure he's being allowed to give himself. His hand glides over the sensitive veins of his cock, thumb digging into the slit with every upstroke. And it's enough to have him whining, slipping into a familiar headspace he's grown to love while he watches George pump himself with two fingers, eyes shut and moaning at the ceiling. Even with the tantalizing drag of his palm, Dream doesn't feel as though it's enough, wanting George to look at him, wanting to see dark desperation behind brown eyes.

“George,” he pants, broken and breathy, “George, please look at me—watch me.”

A sardonic smile catches over George's parted lips, bringing his head down as his hand slows. The desperation is mutual, though Dream's is more evident than George's, and it can be seen in his face. All flushed out with pretty red, pupils dilated and drowning the sea of green, lips bitten raw and puffy, and his hand never faltering its pace.

“Why?” George implores, biting his tongue to stifle a moan when he curls his fingers over that sweet spot inside of him. “Want me to watch you get off? Watch how you fuck your dick in your hand because you can't help but be a horny dog?”

Dream whimpers so fucking pathetically as he shutters into his fist. George laughs, dark and feral, at the boy's attempts to mumble out a *yes*.

“How cute of you, puppy,” he coaxes sweetly, slipping a third finger inside, “always so fucking desperate for something, yeah?”

Nodding, Dream whines, falling forward on his hand as he quickens the pace of his other. He chases his release that's so fucking close to being caught, pushing him over the edge of no return from the simple importance of promised sex. He can feel George's eyes on him, feel how they burn through his skin, embarrassment increasing tenfold at how quick he's been riled up and brought to the end of his rope.

A sick laugh laced with a breathy moan rings out, cotton sheets crumpled up in Dream's hands. “Don't you dare fucking cum yet, you stupid mutt,” George spits.

The degradation of harsh words sends a spike of dark fire flashing through Dream's gut, pooling arousal twisting into a knot tight enough to snap. And he listens, despite not wanting to. Letting his hand grip the base of his cock as he fights the urge to go against George's words and spillover grey sheets. It earns him breathy praise, the idioms polishing his skin with glorious pink and gold.

Seconds pass by, Dream's thighs shaking from desperation as he listens to George moan ahead of him. The sound of skin and lube mix obscenely, his cock pulsing in his hand while he whimpers from being denied his orgasm—something tells him that it won't be the last of it.

When Dream starts to move his hand again, drag his wrist in a slow, tantalizing movement, he shuts. Precum slicks his cock up with a pretty sheen that's all-too-pornographic as his eyes admire the glossy tip that's red in anger.

He thinks of the muzzle again, how it still sits up in the closet, yet to see the light of their bedroom for a second time. He reminds himself of how it felt around his face, how metal dug into his jaw every time he tried to open his mouth, how all he did was lay there and take whatever George gave him. And hopefully, he'll be able to have it again, fuck George while wearing the pretty thing he loves with a callous bite. (He knows George is going to let him either way).

"Princess," a sweet voice calls out, "come here, get next to me."

Dream never moved quicker, his collar dragging over the mattress as he crawls beside George's body. The male draws his hand out from between his legs, a perfectly smug smile on his face as he guides them up to Dream's mouth.

"Wanna taste?"

A pink tongue pokes out without hesitation, licking a stride up lube-covered fingers that leave a tang of bitterness in Dream's mouth. He wraps his lips around two fingers, the third resting on his cheek as he coats the messy, lubed paleness with his spit, tasting the essence of *George* on his tongue. And he moans, tightens his lips around the intrusion as it presses down against the wet muscle.

He licks George's fingers clean, pulling them out with a breathy sound as spit connects him with the digits. It's heavy as it becomes concentrated enough to break off and fall on his chin. George swipes his thumb over it before taking it into his mouth.

"Get the lube," George says, nodding his head in the direction of the bottle. "You're going to put yourself to some sort of use and finger me, okay?"

Dream nods in agreement, picking up the bottle in a hurried rush. Uncapping it, he pours a generous amount on his fingers before clicking it closed and tossing it to the side again. He shivers when cold fingers wrap around the base of his cock, squeezing experimentally.

"And be gentle," George whispers, some type of shyness in his voice that Dream has never heard during moments like these. "You're uh, a lot bigger than I am, so go slow for now. Okay, baby?"

George uses his other hand not occupied around his boyfriend's throbbing dick to guide Dream's fingers down to his hole. Dream nods in understanding, something akin to pride swelling in his chest from the words George told him. It's always been obvious that Dream is a lot bigger than George, a lot stronger, too. And that's part of the reason why Dream likes being in lack of power, something so goddamn hot about the fact he could easily overpower the other if he wanted to.

"Do you like that I'm bigger than you?" Dream asks curiously, slipping his middle finger past the

rim of George's entrance.

The first thing Dream happens to feel is how tight George is. And that should've been obvious from how George has never bottomed during their sexual encounters. Because it was always Dream being the one having something shoved inside of him, not the other way around. But he's not going to complain either.

George's eyelashes flutter shut, a soft moan muffled as he slides his tongue across the tip of Dream's cock. And while Dream sinks to the hilt, George is panting out his response.

"Yeah—fuck."

Dream can barely smile at the admittance, pulling his finger out before pushing back inside as George flicks his tongue over the head of his dick. He laps at the precum that drips from the slit, velvet wetness soft as it swirls around in a way that has Dream whimpering pathetically.

The heat wrapped around his cock distracts him from doing anything substantive to George because, holy fuck, George's mouth is heavenly.

Pulling back, George spits on Dream's cock. "Get busy, bitch. Or you'll be the one getting fucked tonight."

Whimpering, Dream nods, feeling the glide of dainty hands across his dick while the other one tugs at the leash of his collar. He tries to push his finger in and out of George at a reasonable pace, tries to please his boyfriend in the ways he's done to Dream a thousand times over.

Muffled moans vibrate around Dream's cock, the stimulation making him slam his finger inside of George, which only made a choked cry fall out. George rolls his hips, asking Dream to do it again as he slides down the length, the tip hitting the back of his throat. Dream obeys, retracting his hand before shoving it back inside with a dense spike. And the pretty noise that sounds around his cock only encourages him to do it again and again, curling his finger along the walls of George.

George's tongue glides over the underside of Dream's cock, pushing down until his nose is settled where his hand wraps around the base. It draws a delicate moan from the depths of Dream's chest, sliding his finger in and out at a pace that screams *desperate*. And when Dream pushes his index finger in beside his middle, George whines, pulling off of his cock with a gritty gasp.

"Come on," George teases out, "put a little bite on it, will you? I can take it."

He drops the leash from his hand, letting his other jerk Dream off slowly before wrapping his fingers around a tan wrist. George aids Dream in pulling out and pushing in, making him go faster and harder than before. And the entirety of it all has Dream's eyes practically glowing with submission, eyes hooded and doe-like as his attention is drawn down to where George is using his hand to please himself. His entire body feels like jelly, his wrist going limp as he allows George to do whatever.

Pretty fingers brush over every inch of the sensitive skin around Dream's cock, thumb digging into the slit before George drags his palm down the length.

Dream is slipping, and he's slipping fast. He's drooling at the opportunity to fuck George, be called a good boy for using his cock so well. (And, at this point, he's forgotten about the muzzle, being so caught up in his daze of *George* and how they got in this predicament).

A choked moan is coaxed from George's throat, and Dream assumes he's hit his prostate. "Fuck," his eyes roll to the back of his head, "I forgot how good this felt, oh my *god*."

The words have Dream curling his fingers, spreading them apart as George pushes him deeper inside, just to add that extra slither of red-hot arousal. It's obvious George liked it, a loud moan cascading the air and settling in Dream's ears, pupils dilating with want as he slips further into submission. And when George pulls his hand away, letting Dream take over again, he whispers out a shy beg for another. Then his mouth is back on Dream's cock, sucking and bobbing his head while Dream lines his ring finger up until it's pushed alongside the other.

Excess sounds of lube squelching on skin is a lewd sound that Dream hates to indulge in, twisting his fingers inside George and curling them with every drag out. And George is moaning violently around Dream's cock, thighs trembling from the sensation he hasn't felt in too long.

And Dream isn't any better. His noises are high and whiny, hand picking up its pace as he tries his best to please his boyfriend without getting distracted by the wetness of George's unforgiving tongue. It's almost difficult to manage, chasing sex-driven lust and pride as he renders that he's the one doing this to George. Possessive tendencies striking under his skin like a match as he quickens the pace of his hand, becoming more and more desperate as the seconds pass.

George's tongue rolls over every inch of the spit-slicked cock, saliva dripping from the sides of his mouth because Dream is big. He's so fucking big—maybe even bigger than George. And the sheer size of it makes him shiver as he imagines just how good it would feel inside of him.

The pulse of Dream's cock feels euphoric inside George's mouth, swollen head hitting up against the soft palate with every glide down. His teeth scrape over the top the moment Dream rubs his prostate, choking on the length as his body jolts with the warm flush of sin. It's obscene, sickening as it's slicked over with the awful sound of spit that makes Dream whine and juts his hips forward, fingers pulling out of George as he almost falls.

Another gag could be heard, broken and loud as George tugs on Dream's collar and pulls his mouth away. "Go back," he demands.

"W-What?"

"I said go back," George pushes Dream away from him, leash falling, "since you want to be a needy bitch instead of taking what I give you."

Dream retaliates. "No! No, please, George—fuck, I need you. I wanna touch you. *Please...*"

And maybe it's a little rude to deny Dream of physical touch, but through the lust-given haze, George doesn't care—he knows that Dream can safeword if he needed to. So that's why he keeps up his act, pressing his foot against a toned chest and pushing Dream further away.

"Since you wanna act like a dog, then I'll fucking treat you like one," George smirks, a knowing tint behind his eyes. "Go get your muzzle, mutt."

Before Dream can even get off the bed, George is already pushing two fingers back inside himself, moaning from the feeling. And Dream has to stop himself from staying still, from watching George please himself in the way he had done moments ago while he crawls off the bed and strides to the closet. The muzzle is quick to be in his hands, shivers wracking through his body from cold metal against the pads of his fingertips.

"Set it on the bed, baby," George twists his fingers inside, hitting up against his prostate. "And get in the same position as before; I want you to watch me do what you weren't able to."

Dream listens, setting the muzzle down beside him as the bed dips under his weight. George is

pumping two fingers in and out of him, curling them so they can hit up against that sweet spot. And it isn't enough for George—it couldn't be. His fingers were small, dainty, and never good enough to reach any part of himself that could have him coming undone, which is why he preferred never to do this.

Dark green eyes are trained on him, Dream watching George's every movement. Soft pants and moans escape into the air, the sound of skin on skin making Dream envious of the fingers inside of his boyfriend, which isn't him.

"You can touch yourself," George gasps, "but if you dare cum, I'll tie you up and use your cock until you're crying, got it?"

Shivering, Dream nods in oblige, hand wrapping around his cock again. He hisses, whines out from the sensation of his palm feeling so rough. And it hurts. Hurts in the best way possible as he slides his hand down, squeezing the base before gliding back up. An excessive amount of precum leaks from the reddening tip, Dream having to go so fucking slow because it feels as if he'll break from the barest amount of stimulation.

In the back of his head, he wants to break the rule George has laid out on a silver platter for him. Because maybe it'll get him inside of George faster.

His eyes squeeze shut, a noise of fulfillment floating out from parted lips. And Dream knows that was a wrong move, George's heavy-beat voice casting around him in a breathy demand.

"Keep your eyes on me, puppy."

So Dream does. He leans back on his calves, leash brushing over the tops of his thighs as it swings from his neck. The pad of his thumb rolls on the underside of his head, a whimper falling from his mouth like a waterfall as he feels himself pulse in the palm of his hand. And it's embarrassing how quick Dream has already got himself so fucking close to the edge, ready to break like a dam, let himself be ruined by the view of George.

Dream's eyes scan over George's body, noticing the flush of pink on his cheeks, the redness of his cock where it twitches on his stomach, the pace of his fingers as they pump in and out. The darkness of brown eyes boring into green has Dream feeling small, even if he is the bigger of the two.

Intimacy lies thick in the air, and though George speaks as if he hates Dream, as if he is nothing but a toy to be used and discarded, the love in his eyes is still there. And it only pushes Dream further.

"H-How are you—" he cuts off with a whimper. "Tell me you're close. Please, George... tell me."

A laugh grimaces the land. "As close as I'm gonna get until I think you deserve to fuck me."

"Can I?" Dream pipes up, voice whiny. "Can I please fuck you? Please, I don't—" his begging is utterly pathetic, slurred, and so fucking gone, "I wanna fuck you. Please let me, *please*."

George shushes him. "You have to relax, puppy. You can wait a little while longer—"

"No!" Dream cries out. "No, *mommy* —I can't. Please."

Everything stops. George's eyes going wide and lips parted in astonishment at *the name* that slips from Dream's tongue. And it seems that the boy didn't even register he said it, still whimpering and whining from the hand around his cock, begging to be able to fuck George like he's been promised.

The name settles in the pit of George's stomach, sending spikes of full-blown arousal that even he didn't know would feel so fucking good as it seeps under his skin. His face is a deep shade of crimson, pupils blown out as he's knocked down a few knobs. He watches Dream jerk his wrist in quick movements, green forests waiting for George to voice out something, and agree to let Dream be buried inside him.

George's cock twitches against his stomach, fingers drawing away from where it's been giving pleasurable strokes to his prostate, wiping them clean on the sheets. And he quite literally is in shock, ardor desire bubbling with heated luminosity through the marrow of his bones.

"D-Dream, baby," he stutters, crawling towards his boyfriend. A soft hand is placed against Dream's cheek, the blond leaning into the touch, almost purring like a cat. "Hey, come back to me for a second, yeah?"

Dream whines, tries to lean down, and capture George in a kiss. And it works, soft lips pressing on his own, hand fleeing from his dick to find its new home on a pale waist.

His grip is bruising, George gasping from the severity of it as Dream pushes him onto his back and crawls in between small thighs that are quivering from a lack of strength. He bites at George's lips, a pink tongue swiping over the flesh before he trails down to suck pretty blemishes into perfect pale skin, head fumbling over with *George, George, George*.

"Please," Dream whimpers into the curve of George's neck, "Let me fuck you, mommy."

A soft *oh my god* seethed with nothing but want into the open air. That godforsaken name was doing so many things to George, alighting his skin on fire in an unforgiving intent to burn him alive.

"W-What's your color, puppy?"

"Green. It's so fucking green," Dream curses, biting at the skin he's able to reach. "I'll make you feel good, mommy—please."

George groans, tugging Dream from his neck with a harsh grip latched in blond locks. For a moment, Dream stares down at him, black pupils blown as wide as dimes in a sea of green. And as much as George hates to say his next words, it's the entire reason they're here right now.

"Hand me your muzzle," he tries to spit harshly, but it comes out soft, almost shy. (He blames it on that nickname).

Dream is quick to pull away, reaching out for his muzzle and shoving it into George's hands. He sits with his hands between his thighs, back slightly arched as he leans forward, something hopeful behind green eyes while George fiddles with the leather clasps. And he almost does resemble a puppy in some strange way.

When the muzzle is finally placed on Dream's face, his eyes flutter shut with satisfaction, a shiver rolling down his spine as he listens to George fasten the thing around his head.

George finds himself letting the name slip from his tongue, too. "You wanna fuck mommy, baby?"

A whine of agreement sounds through the room, being followed by a laugh. George sits up, reaching for the lube previously discarded and squeezing a fair amount over his hand before pushing down to Dream's cock, lathering it over the length. Dream whimpers from the contact of the cold substance, bucking his hips into George's fist.

For a moment, George glides his hand up and down Dream's cock in slow motions, his other reaching out to wrap around the end of the leash that's almost been forgotten. Then, he tugs Dream forward, lining his cock up with his ass.

"Go on," George coaxes, settling back on the bed, "fuck me like the horny dog you are."

With permission, Dream inches his way inside, pushing the head of his dick past the tightness of George. And he whimpers pathetically, hands flying out to catch himself as he stumbles forward. He wants to tell George how fucking *good* he feels, how tight he is, but the metal of the muzzle locks his jaw closed in a way that he loves most.

Uncut nails fly out to the back of Dream's shoulders, digging into the skin hard enough to draw blood if George really wanted to. "Ho-Holy shit."

George wants that stupid muzzle off. He wants it off of Dream's face so he can kiss him properly, moan out obscenities and curses, bite at his skin, *call him mommy*. Wants to throw it across the room, make Dream wonder why the hell he took it off. But he'll have to wait, let the other relish what he's been wanting for so long.

Small huffs and moans fall from George's mouth, nails dragging down the surface of Dream's back as his cock pushes inside slowly, allowing George to get used to the burning stretch. And if the whimpers that Dream elicits were any indication of how good it feels.

Hips meet flush with George's ass, a broken noise slipping up his throat. "F-Fuck... didn't know you'd feel so *big*, puppy."

He gets a whine in return, lips curling to a smirk as Dream stills. Cold metal presses against the hot, pale skin of his chest, Dream's cock hitting further inside when he ruts his hips, punching a cry of relief out from George's mouth as the head jabs at his prostate. Everything feels intense, the tight heat wrapped around Dream's dick, the moans of pure ecstasy that are drawn with every movement.

For a moment, Dream stays inside, stays connected with George so he can burn this moment in his brain for the rest of eternity. George's hands slide down to his ass, pushing him forward more than he can go.

Dream has never felt something so tight around his dick—he's never been with a guy before George, so the only thing he knew was having something shoved up his ass. Not the other way around. And it would be a lie to say that Dream isn't enjoying himself, that he isn't becoming intoxicated from being inside George.

An arrangement of pretty whines are muffled by the muzzle adorning Dream's head, seeping under white skin like water to a sponge. And when he pulls out, nails dragging to the front of his hips, those sounds are increased tenfold.

The pace is slow, Dream rocking his hips inside of tightness that burns heat around his cock. The sound of skin slapping on skin soft as it rings out through the room. George is panting, his chin tilted up at the ceiling as the coldness of metal on his chest turns warm, heavy breaths being fanned over the pale flesh. And that's when he decides he'd rather have Dream's lips instead of that dumb muzzle that got them here in the first place.

So he slides his hands up to the back of Dream's head, fingers shaky as he unclasps black leather. Dream lets out a noise of resistance, pulling his face up from George's chest.

“W-What are you doing?”

Dream’s hips never stop moving, making it the slightest bit harder for George to speak. “Mommy wants—*fuck*—mommy wants to hear you.” The muzzle is thrown to the side. “Kiss me, puppy.”

There isn’t a second of hesitation as Dream surges forward, teeth knocking together. The kiss is messy and chaotic, breathy whines being swallowed by George’s mouth every time Dream pushes inside. It’s underlined with muted blacks and red, pretty desperation being the only thing that makes it favorable to either of them.

Slow thrusts become faster, harder, and it has George scooting up unwillingly to the headboard from the severity. Dream’s hands find George’s, interlocking their fingers together as he pins them down to the mattress, his hold tight and bruising. Every drag of his cock inside of George made high moans splutter out against a pink tongue, the sensation of *George* feeling oh-so-well.

George is moaning *so much* from the pleasure that he’s barely keeping up with the kiss Dream has him in. Ivory canines bite at his lips, pulling pink between enamel that only have his noises becoming louder and louder.

The head of Dream’s cock knocks over George’s prostate, the sheer size being large enough to reach every spot that nothing else can. Not even George’s previous partners had been this big. And maybe the smallness of his body is to blame for making it seem like something so big was tearing him up. But he could care less, skin blitzing up with sparks of red arousal with every harsh thrust inside.

When Dream slides his lips down, kissing and sucking at barely marked up skin, George writhes with a pretty turmoil of sin.

“Fuck!” he squeezes Dream’s hands tighter, eyes rolling to the back of his head. “You fuck mommy s-so well, puppy. God, I love it so much—love your cock so much, baby.”

Dream whimpers, biting at pale flesh hard enough to leave an imprint in the shape of his teeth. And maybe George should’ve left the muzzle on because now, he’s going to end up being covered in pretty bites that’ll puff red and purple for the rest of the week. But something tells Dream that’s exactly what he wanted.

“You’re so tight, mommy,” Dream pants, swiping his tongue over the brand of pearly whites, “feels so... so good.”

George sputters from honey-dipped words—the nickname preferably. Every jab to his prostate felt like heaven, mind going blank from the sounds that Dream vibrates into his skin, from the cock that drags over his walls with each thrust. His breath was caught in his throat, the only thing audible being a string of moans that encourage Dream to move his hips faster.

Hands untwine, Dream straightening his back and pulls George’s legs together, his claws resting on his shoulders as he wraps his arms around the smallness. Somehow, the position makes George feel even more euphoric than before, screaming Dream’s name from an open mouth as his thighs tremble from how Dream’s cock abuses his prostate.

While watching George’s face twist from pleasure, something in the back of Dream’s mind has black fire erupting with some sort of ownership over the boy beneath him. Something sinfully possessive and impound with the shade of green.

He wants to do everything and not enough. Wants to indulge himself in the heat of George when he

isn't in a fuzzy headspace. Wants to make George fall apart and be an incoherent mess. But for now, it can't be like that—so stuck on giving George the raptured glee of arousal that he doesn't want to do it.

Dream fucks George harder, the smack of skin sounding extraordinarily sacrilegious in all things righteous. He drops George's legs, limbs spreading apart pliantly as Dream never slows down, replaces his hands on the curve of a thin waist.

"Such a good fucking dog," George moans out, keeping a powerful bite in his tone, "So good for mommy, aren't you, sweetheart?"

Babbles of incoherent agreements fall from Dream's tongue, his grip on George's hips bruising as he pins his boyfriend down on the mattress. "'M close," he whimpers.

George's chest is heaving, broken moans crawling up his throat. "Me, too, baby—fuck, cum for me. Cum for mommy, *please*."

Dream shifts his gaze down to George's cock, watching it bounce against skin from every hard thrust delivered. But what grabs his attention is the barely-there bulge protruding from George's stomach. And that alone has Dream crying out a faint *oh my god*, slumping forward as he spills inside, hips slowing and rocking forward as he fucks himself through his orgasm.

Mean hands push him back up. "Don't fucking stop just because you came. You still need to get me off."

Whimpering, Dream obeys, speeding up his thrusts again. He's pushed to the brink of overstimulation, a clenching tightness around his softening cock, making pretty eyes well up with tears. Pins and needles prick at his skin, thrusts weak from a lack of energy.

"Please," he mewls, "cum, mommy. I can't go on—"

Without warning, George reaches out and tugs Dream down by his leash. "Yes, you can, puppy," he mumbles against Dream's lips.

His cock is trapped between their stomachs, each delivered thrust to his prostate stacking a plethora of tight-stroked pleasure. George slides his hands over Dream's back, nails tearing at the skin to draw blood. His moans become high-strung and loud, and then he's painting their stomachs white, thighs shaking and mouth drew open with the slip of Dream's name.

When Dream pulls out, giving a kiss to the small of George's chin, he quite literally feels as if he can't move, falling onto his back against the bed, breaths loud and heavy.

"You did so well, baby," George praises once more, leaning over to deliver chaste kisses to Dream's lips—his trick to pulling the boy back to reality.

"Did I?"

"Yes," George smiles, cupping his boyfriend's face with his hand, "you did—felt amazing, puppy."

"I'm sorry for the whole..." Dream couldn't bring himself to say the words, an already red face flushing in embarrassment, "you know."

Huffing out a light laugh, George responds. "Don't apologize. I *really* fucking liked it." Another kiss is given.

“Are you sure?”

“It was hot, Dream. Like, holy shit.”

Dream sighs. “I don’t know what came over me. You were just... I dunno. I can’t explain it.”

There’s a moment of silence, George staring down at Dream with loving eyes that hold the world. It feels all-too-sweet—just like all the other times after they fuck. But the quiet stares are broken when Dream asks a question that has George’s breath hitching in his throat.

“Can I use the muzzle on you next time?” It’s shy, timid. “And maybe... dom you?”

George doesn’t answer for a moment, and it has Dream ready to take back his words and brush them off as a joke. Because, of course, he wouldn’t wear the muzzle, why would Dream even suggest such a thing? George had got it for him and—

“I think we can make that happen.”

What?

With a smirk on pretty lips, George kisses Dream one last time. “Let’s go get cleaned up, and then we can talk about it.”

Chapter End Notes

Dream has a mommy kink confirmed.

part 3?

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